

# AN ELEGY

Upon the DEATH of that

## Faithful Servant OF the LORD,

And my Dear and Never-to be-forgotten FRIEND

### Mr. JOHN WELLS.

Minister of the GOSPEL, who was suddenly taken out of this Vile of Mlery  
June 18. 1676.

**H**ARK! Hark! you Heaven-bound-Souls, do you not hear  
A fresh Alarum Tingle in your Ear?

A Cedar falls! A Star does disappear.

A Summons sent you to prepare for Death,  
And shew the fleeting state of Mortal Breath:  
Man is a World, and Death's the Ocean found  
Wherein that Worlds Inferiour Parts are drown'd;  
This Sea Encircles All; And, though as yet  
God hath set Marks and Bounds 'twixt us and it;  
Still it does Roar, and daily Threatnings send,  
And breaks our Bank where'er it takes a Friend;  
But when our Prophets too are swallow'd there,  
'Tis a sad Sign an Inundation's near.  
Ah, how may we our *Sodoms* fate bemoan,  
And look for Fire when all our *Lots* are gone!  
When storms of Vengeance are on Whirlwinds hurl'd,  
To punish this our Sin polluted VWorld;  
Where is the *Moses* in the Gap to stand,  
And with loud Pray'r disarm *Jehovah's* Hand?  
The Shepherd's thus Removed, who shall keep  
From VVolves of *Romulus*, the scatter'd Sheep.  
Ith' Path of Duty how may we not stray,  
VWhen our best Guides so fast are took away.  
Grave pious VVELLS so suddenly was snatch'd,  
As if an *Ambuscade* of Angels Catch'd  
His Tow'ring Soul, which long'd for Heav'n before,  
And now is Crown'd in Bliss for evermore.  
Yet could not Death surprize him (though so nigh)  
For 'twas his Practice, *every day to dye*.  
About his Gospel-Labour he was going,  
*Blest Servant whom his Master finds so doing*.  
Christ was his Study, Gods Glory his Aim,  
It was his Heav'n to advance the same.  
He was not like *Wells without water*, dry  
And empty Readers of *Morality*.  
But from his Lips *Wells of Salvation* flow'd,  
And every gracious Heart that heard him, Glow'd;  
By lively faith *He being dead yet speaks*,  
And still his Works shall Praise him in the Gates;  
Long since we know he fixt a steady Eye,  
And Pointed others to ETERNITY.  
Long since he taught enravish'd Saints to sing  
Loud *Hallelujahs* to their God and King;  
And now joyns Comfort in such Songs of Love,  
VVith all the Quire of Seraphims above.

*Original Corruption* he display'd,

How *Heirs of Wrath* by Nature all are made.

O'ch' *Holy Sabbath* Learnedly he wrote

A *Treatise* that shall never be forgot,

That day he Hallow'd both in's life and death,

And on the same Resign'd his latest Breath;

Entring, Just when temporal Sabbath ceas'd,  
Into a Sabbath of eternal Rest:

He was a VVarchman could not well be blam'd,

A VVorkman such as need not be aham'd.

No *Proters* that could change to every shape,

No servile-spirited Preacher that could scrape

and Cinge to please the lusts of wanton men,

He would not say and streight unsay agen;

Set full of Truth and Power his season'd words,

Did pierce like Nails and Cut like sharpen'd Swords,

His Minister'al Accomplishments were rare,

His constant Pains, his Diligence, his Care

For souls in *Folly Things*, who can express?

He might have longer liv'd, had he liv'd less;

Oh melting Suppliant! whoe're did know

His Prayers to Heaven without some Tears to go:

The secret Ravishings poor Souls have found,

VWhen from his Mouth the Word of Life did sound;

But—

*Sings* hold not *Histories*, who can rehearse

His v. st Perfection in a narrow Verse;

Take *Virtues*, *Graces*, *Gifts*, and all you can,

All were Concentred in this Holy Man.

#### THE EPITAPH.

**A** Minister under this Tombstone lies  
Enshrin'd, not Dead, for Virtue never dies.  
Life's Great Example; one whose well-spent Days  
Began with Goodness, and Expin'd with Praise;  
His Lamp was ever Burning never Hid,  
And when his Tongue Preach'd not, his Actions did,  
His Body to Earth's Custody's Confin'd,  
But Heaven (which always had) enjoys his Mind.  
His Work was Preaching here, and so 'tis still,  
And Preach his Name we hope for ever will.

FINIS.